

British Government, After Riots In Lancashire, Decides That The Beer Shortage Must Be Remedied

By FLOYD MACGRIFF.

LONDON, June 25.—There's probably more concern in London over the beer shortage and the traffic jams than the peace negotiations. Since Bonar Law explained to the freeland Horatio Bottomley in Parliament that "we did not win the war entirely by ourselves," the small clique of agitators yelling for superintendence as to the liquor business war debt has subsided.

Anyhow, the beer shortage and the traffic "jam," as it is termed by the Northcliffe press, and the reactions thereto are typically British. Peace conditions appear more or less remote to the average Englishman, but doing a football scrimmage on a "ten-ell" basis daily for a bus, tram or tube train, and that upon an unelated threat, is interfering too much

with what the average islander has come to regard as his rights. And he's protesting good and strong. Hundreds of thousands of men have been advised to the city's population by demobilization, while traveling conveniences are just the same as when the armistice were signed. They were crowded then. Hence the jams.

All of which has resulted in a rapid Londoners with damaged toes to advocating that no person be allowed to come to London to live without a permit, because of congested conditions everywhere—hotels, houses, streets, traffic, restaurants. The truth of the matter is London has far outgrown all existing modes of accommodation. Nobody foresees that all of England one day would attempt to huddle together within 15 miles of the Tower of London.

Lancashire for more beer, the government has decided to permit more brewing. In fact, it added 4,000,000 standard barrels to the 20,000,000 barrels already authorized

thus making about 24,000,000 ordinary barrels of beer, or about one for every man, woman and child in the United Kingdom. Perhaps the children should be omitted, for, unless they are babies in arms or over 14 years old, a child is not allowed in a "pub."

The British "bar files" include women as well as men, and Mrs. Clancy Jones with her apron on and a half-dressed child on one arm may be seen as the evening sun descends out-footing it to the nearest "pub," where Mabel, the "wash lady," may already be imbibing in the "pint of stout" with other work folk, both male and female. In the rural districts, where every other of five houses has at least one "pub," which always is the most picturesque structure of the lot, the ale houses still carry their melliferous and suggestive names of older days, such as "The Leg of Mutton and Cauliflower," "The Merry Landlady," "The Three Magpies" or "The Wag's Head."

freely. "I did not know I had dropped it."

She was glad that Douglas's name was not on the envelope. Perhaps Clifford did not know where the owner of the farm was living now.

Tel. as she went up to her room she was acutely uncomfortable. Could she have heard the conversation that took place a few minutes later between Mrs. Chapin and her son who would have been acutely miserable.

Mrs. Chapin was in her room laying off her hat when Clifford entered unceremoniously.

"Mother," he said, without preliminary, "have my children has your cousin, John Moore."

"The Secret Out."

Martha Chapin was not in the habit of practicing dissimulation or diplomacy, and for the moment was off her guard.

"Where?" she replied promptly.

"Two of them are boys, aren't they?" Clifford asked with assumed carelessness.

"Why, no. Cousin John never had a boy—except one that died when it was an infant. He's got only girls, and I guess they have a hard time to get along."

Then she stopped, her face reddening. She remembered the role that Elizabeth Wade was playing.

"I mean," she added hastily, "that when there's only girls, it's hard to support them. Girls can't work the way men can."

Her son smiled sarcastically. "Yes, in spite of all that, one of the daughters has a good education and dresses in clothes of a different cut and style from those worn by most poor working girls," he mocked.

"Clifford!" The mother's face was pale now. "Don't talk in that tone, dear. I wish I could explain about it all, but I can't."

"I don't need an explanation, perhaps," he said, slowly. "But I do wonder what kind of a girl you think this so-called Elizabeth Moore is in her own home town."

"She's a dear, sweet girl," his mother declared. "And I'm sorry for her. She is doing just what she's been told to do—though I won't understand about it. If there's any fault it's not hers."

Clifford Chapin was watching his mother curiously.

"You," he pronounced each word deliberately and earnestly, "are the most glib, least suspicious person I ever saw. And father's as bad."

"However," with a shrug of his shoulders, "of course it's none of my business."

To Be Continued

LittleBobbie's Pa

Ma's New Thought Friend Calls But It Is Decided That All the New Thoughts Have Been Thunk and They Play Pleasant.

By WILLIAM F. KIRK.

MISS CORINNE CLUTCHMOOR is to be my guest this evening at dinner, and Ma to Pa last night. She is likely to be here any minute. She is a leader in the school of New Thought, and Ma.

That looks up grand for me, and Pa. I was going to a stag this rainy eve. Pa said, but I will wait long enough to enjoy meeting your friend. Is she a Peet? said Pa.

I haven't seen here for many years, and Ma, she used to be one of the most charmingest girls in school, Ma said, only freckled a little around the nose.

I won't mind that, and Pa. If she is bristly & deep thinker.

She must be a deep thinker if she is in this New Thought crowd, and Ma. I will be kind of bashful & ashamed in the presence of so new a thinker, and Ma. I just then Ma's friend came.

What a ratched site it is out, she said to Ma after she had met Ma & Pa. A Fine Describer.

It is punk, said Pa. It certainly is, and Ma's friend. Punk is rite. You are a fine describer, she said to Pa.

My wife was telling me you are a New Thinker, and Pa. I was glad to meet up with one of them birds.

The pleasure is usual, and Ma's friend. "It is a great field of thinking that has never been explored, she said. We must discuss it. The old thinkers were all twisted up on the logic of the universe, she said. To them, she said, what was not seemed the same as that which could not be.

True, and Pa. What do you think of the Peet's Logic?

It is a step in the wrong direction if it doesn't work, and Ma's friend. Unless they sprinkled in plenty of New Thought they will end up in a grand bust, she said. Do you play Pinnaker?

Sum, said Pa, but I don't want you to call a Pinnaker Round; I play a fair game.

Does pure wife play? she said.

I do, and Ma. We will have a little game after we have learned from you sum of the inside workings of this school of New Thought.

New Thought, said Ma's friend, is simply thinking things in a new way. By striving after the infinite, she said, we stand on top of the universe.

I have often told my wife that, and Pa, but she is not a Climber. She would rather stay in the pleasant valley of Comfort, and Pa. I gaze up at me, I am her Fixed Star, said Pa. I wish we had a better deck of cards for this here game.

Then Pa & Ma & Ma's friend began to play cards & they were playing when I went to bed.

I guess all them New Thots has been think long ago.

Hasty Weddings Over In France Are Checked

Portland, Ore., June 25.—Doughboys in France may have mighty few June weddings if action reported here is any criterion.

A letter received by mayor Baker from the registrar at Pont-a-Mousson requests that a notice be posted in a conspicuous place announcing the engagement of private Rimer N. Bales and Horrence Julia. In case no legal or parental objection follows, the marriage can then take place.

The registrar explains the method is designed to prevent hasty weddings.

AT SCHOOL.

Were I again to go to school I'd seek the margin of some fringed pool.

And learn such lessons as thereby I'd gain from bird songs in the sky.

From trees that in the wintry scene still grew aloft, calm and serene;

And drink in beauty, and by night Hobnob with stars, and moonbeams bright.

And gather in the wondrous worth Of knowledge taught by Mother Earth.

FORTUNE.

I've known a man who in the midst of care, In poverty that seemed beyond repair, In cheery pathos was a millionaire.

I've known a man of wealthiest estate Who in his greed of gold insatiate Was poorer than the beggar at his gate.

From which I judge that wealth and poverty Depend not on how great my chattels are, But on the Spirit in the Heart of Me!

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"Mistaken Identity"

By NELL BRINKLEY

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CHICKADEE, stooping over the brim of a girl's new spring bonnet. "I beg your pardon, young lady, but I mistook your eyes for blue pools and your lips for a strawberry, and I came to feast and drink."—Nell Brinkley.

Berlin, Proud Of Pre-War Title, "Europe's Most Immoral Capital," Earned It And Can Yet Claim It

By H. J. GREENWALL.

BERLIN, Germany, June 25.—A journalist in search of newspaper stories often delves into unexpected places and sees the seamy side of life; thus have I frequently made acquaintance with the night life of great cities. Immorality and night life are inseparable companions, but in Berlin they are twin sisters.

Berlin was proud of its title, "Most Immoral Capital in Europe," before the war, and it earned it; now, it can still claim it. Of course, it is perfectly mad, this dancing, drinking, gambling, doping craze.

As I write this rifle shots are ringing out, and occasionally machine guns in the distance tick-tack louder than my typewriter; in the hall of my hotel there is a shell helmeted guard and a machine gun, with a neat little stack of grenades.

There is a strike, but as I entered the hotel I was handed an envelope containing a ticket for the "Workers' Ball" to be held at 7 o'clock, the attractions are two American bars (I am quoting the ticket) and prizes for the most beautiful and for the most original costumes. I shall not attend the ball, for I know just what it will be—a lot of wild bony hangers, trotting couples and much drinking. Tonight is the workers' ball—note the word—but the entrance fee is 15 marks, while a lone coast is and kind, 10.

There are upward of a hundred dancing places going full blast in Berlin; they range from the magnificent and quite orderly Palais de Danse to the low places where the ball terminates in a free fight. Namely, dancing halls should close at 11:30, but the rule is not observed; only restaurants close, most of them, at 11:30, and most theaters are over at 10, but the wild life goes on all night long.

Berlin is becoming dirty and dilapidated looking, but gambling halls flourish, as well as discreet flats where opium is smoked. Most restaurants have orchestras which play old time American airs.

The trans and underground services stop at midnight, and then the night can be a rich harvest; to live in Berlin costs roughly five pounds daily, but one can easily spend 20 pounds nightly.

Farmer "Needed" Liquor, But Ran Into Holdup

Atlanta, Ga., June 25.—R. C. Morris, a farmer living near Macon, dropped off in Atlanta on his way home from Chattanooga with a real thirst for corn liquor.

He required of a bright-looking negro who the exuberant liquor could be procured, and the negro was most obliging. With two negroes Morris went to a vacant house in Elliott street, where the dusky white, with a razor and a stick of wood, induced Morris to reluctantly part with a diamond ring and a watch the worse, together with \$25 in cash.

The Young Lady Across The Way

By Edna Kent Forbes

THE young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the Koreans fight only with manifestoes and she doesn't suppose they could hold out for an hour against modern artillery with such primitive weapons.

Interested—You will find that a daily message of the face will do you good. I don't think those brown marks are serious. A message to them, simply give tone and richness to the face will do a lot towards preventing this, and also will help to dissolve in water and drink, however.

Blondy—Your hair is an exquisite shade, if I may judge from the sample. The red streaks, as you call them, simply give tone and richness to the color. Don't try to bleach this shade out. In any case peroxide would accelerate the red, or if it did dry the hair enough to make it blonde, it would ruin its health. Wear greens and blues, lavender, beige, black or

Questions and Answers.

High School Girl—Don't try to eat agar agar dry. Mix it with some wet food—cereals, stewed tomatoes, or something like that. It can be partially dissolved in water and drunk, however.

Students' text books have been distributed among 181 commodities in Pennsylvania by the bureau of naturalization of the United States department of labor. Candidates for citizenship are presented with these books upon naturalization.

OPHELIA

LOVE IS BLIND BUT COMB YR HAIR FOR ART'S SAKE

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Border Camps Are Under Fire During Fighting About Juarez



THE top picture shows camp "Santa Fe street bridge," located at the American end of the international bridge, El Paso. It was from this point that the American soldiers made their start into Mexico. Ten minutes after the order was issued, 9,000 of the boys in khaki were on the other side.

The second picture shows the Fabens, Tex., outpost, opposite Guadalupe, Mexico, where the Villistas reassembled after being driven from Juarez. The third picture is that of the leading club, "Club Socorro," of Socorro, Texas. A typical Mexican village on the American side. It was at this point that Gen. Huertado and other revolutionists were captured by American soldiers two months ago while trying to smuggle arms into Mexico. Huertado and company are now serving terms in the United States.

The bottom picture shows Yaleta outpost, 11 miles from El Paso. It was just opposite this point that the American soldiers, standing in water up to their knees, poured their leaden "farewell" into the Villistas. Note trenches in center foreground.